

Oliver Audition Scripts

Oliver and Dodger:

Oliver:

My name's Oliver- Oliver Twist.

Dodger:

And my name's Jack Dawkins- better known among me more intimate friends as the Artful Dodger.

Oliver:

Pleased to meet you, Mister Dawkins.

Dodger:

(Pausing for thought)

Come to think of it- I ain't got no intimate friends. Still, what's the difference, me old pork sausage, you're coming with me.

Oliver:

Are you sure Mr. Fagin won't mind?

Mr. Bumble and Widow Corney:

Mr. Bumble:

Yes, you're quite right Mrs. Corney. We must get rid of this canker in our midst. That boy was born to be hung, Mrs. Corney. I've never been so shocked in all my days.

Widow Corney:

Hush, Mr. Bumble, you must have had quite a turn. Sit down and have a nice cup of tea.

Act2

Widow Corney:

(Shrieking)

Cheap! You would have been dear at any price; and dear enough I paid for you, Lord above know that!

(Mr. Bumble belches)

Are you going to sit there snoring, all day?

Noah and Charlotte:

Oliver:

Did you want a coffin sir?

Noah:

(Very angry)

No! But you'll be wanting one before very long if you start cheeking your superiors. Yer don't know who I am, I suppose, workhouse.

Oliver:

No sir, I can't say as I do.

Noah:

(Punctuating)

I'm Min-ter- Noah-Clay-pole-and-you're-under-me! So open up the blind, you idle young acallywag

Charlotte:

(Enters with a tray of food)

Hello, Noah, I saved a nice little bit of bacon for you from master's breakfast. Oliver! Shut the door! And take them bits and your tea and go over there and eat 'em. And make haste, 'cos they'll want you to mind the shop. D'you hear?

Mr. and Mrs. Sowerberry:

Mr. Sowerberry:

There's an expression of melancholy on his face, my dear, which is very interesting. He could make a delightful coffin-follower.

Mrs. Sowerberry:

A what?

Mr. Sowerberry:

I don't mean a regular coffin-follower to follow grown-ups, but only for the children practice. It would be very nice to have a follower in proportion, my sweet. A superb effect- the more I think about it!

Mrs. Sowerberry:

(Pausing for a while)

For once—just for once- you might have a decent idea. Very well, then, boy- what's your name?

Fagin:

Fagin:

(Holding two large silk handkerchiefs- one red, one purple)

Well, they're very good ones very! - Yellow and green! You haven't embroidered 'em too well tho' Charley- so we'll have to pick the initials out with a needle. You'll need to learn how to do this too, Oliver my dear. Won't he boys?

Boys:

Yeah, but not 'alf.

Fagin:

But in the meantime, you'll have to learn how to make wallets like Dodger and Charley here. You'd like that, wouldn't you, my dear?

Oliver:

Ooh yes, mister Fagin, if you'll teach me.

Fagin:

Certainly my boy, no fee! Just do everything that Dodger and Charley do. Make 'em your models, my dear- especially Dodger-he's going to be regular little Bill Sykes! Now then, is my handkerchief protruding from my pocket?

Nancy:

Nancy:

Oh! Oh! My dear brother!

(She throws her arms about Oliver's neck)

Oliver:

Leggo! Leggo! Who is it! Leggo!

(A crowd gathers round)

Nancy:

I've found him! Oliver, oh Oliver! My dear little brother! Where have you been? We've been worried out of our heads! Come home, dear, come home! Oh I've found him, thank goodness gracious heavens, I've found him.

First Woman:

What's the matter, love?

(Nancy speaks to crowd. Crowd talk excitedly)

Oh, he ran away two weeks ago from his parents who are hard-working respectable people, and went and joined a set of thieves and bad characters- almost broke his mother's heart. Make him come home.

Bill Sykes:

Sykes:

Fair or not fair, hand over me tell you! - Hardly fair, it is, Nancy? Do you think Nancy and me 'as got nothing else to do with your precious time but to spend it chasing after young kids? Give it 'ere, you avaricious old skeleton, give it 'ere!

(Takes note from Fagin)

That's for our share of the trouble and not half enough neither. Here. Start a library.

Oliver:

You can't keep the books. They belong to Mr. Brownlow and if he finds out you've got them he'll be out here after you.

Sykes:

That remains to be seen- but if we found out you said anything-anything out of place...Fagin, I'll wager that young scoundrel's told him everything.

Mrs. Bedwin, Mr. Brownlow, Dr. Grimwig:

Oliver:

May I get up sir?

Grimwig:

I think you may. And take a little fresh air. *(Cough)* Don't keep him too warm Mrs. Bedwin, but be careful that you don't let him be too cold. Will you have the goodness?

Mrs. Bedwin

Certainly doctor.

Grimwig:

Where did he come from?

Brownlow:

Didn't I tell you? He was arrested for stealing my pocket handkerchief.

Grimwig:

What, sir?

Brownlow:

It was all my mistake and when the shopkeeper told us what really happened and he was released by the magistrate I brought him here to make what amends I could. But I must confess I find myself strangely attached to the child.

Grimwig:

He's deceiving you, my good friend. He has had a fever. What of that? Fevers are not peculiar o good people, are they? Bad people have fevers sometimes, haven't they? He stole your pocket handkerchief, didn't he? Then he'll steal more, sir.

Sally and Old Lady:

Old lady:

I'm your friend, Annie.

Widow Corney:

Go on, get out of it!

Sally:

Now listen to me. Once in this very room, in this very bed I nursed a pretty young cretur' that was brought into the house with her feet cut and bruised with walking. She gave birth to a boy and died.

Widow Corney:

What about her?

Sally:

I robbed her. I robbed her so I did. All she had, were round her neck and it were gold.

